

# PREMIER WILL-O'-THE-WISP



## OF WASHINGTON'S POLICE

### Superintendent Sylvester Tells the True Story of the Notorious Dorsey Foulitz Case and of the Many Places Where the Criminal Has "Bobbed Up."

#### WHERE DORSEY HAS BEEN "FOUND"

In Police Headquarters—1,001 times.  
Harpers Ferry—200 times.  
Pittsburg, Pa.—150 times.  
Coal fields of West Virginia—100 times.  
Richmond, Petersburg, Norfolk, Newport News, Dismal Swamp, Orange, Lynchburg, Danville, Pulaski, Bedford, Va.—5 times each.  
New York Stock Market—Once.  
San Francisco—Once.  
Liverpool, England—Once.  
Aboard outgoing interoceanic steamers—Many times.  
Captured—Never.

LIKE unto the sea yielding up its dead, oblivion last week gave up J. Arthur Kemp and Willard H. Myers, whom the police never dreamed of seeing again, and another much-wanted man is now due to appear upon Major Sylvester's horizon and exclaim, "I'm tired playing this hide and seek game. I surrender."

This man's first name is Dorsey. His last name begins with F, and his full name is Dorsey Foulitz. It has been said he is "due," yea, verily, he is like unto room rent, long overdue.

Where there's life there's hope, and as long as the institution of conscience prevails there is a chance of capturing Dorsey if he still be among the living.

But harken! Ye punsters, merry-makers, and jesters laureate! Dare ye deal humorously with the memory of a departed spirit? Then deal not jocosely with D. Foulitz.

List 'Tis the chief of police speaking, the major and superintendent of the guardians of the peace. He would have everyone's ear to impart the information that "Dorsey Foulitz long since bade farewell to all his greatness and has sunk into that unknown eternity from whence he shall never return—except in spirit and in cartoon that his memory may be kept fresh and verdant in the major's busiest hours."

F OULTZ has been a thorn in the side of the Major and Superintendent of Police and the entire force as well for some twelve years. He probably will be the same barbed thorn twelve years from today, and twelve years from then. When Major Sylvester was asked

what the Washington Police Department thought of D. Foulitz and where the elusive person is at present, he smiled an official smile and replied: "I do not know that we think much of Dorsey, and I have no reason for believing the antipathy is not mutual. As to where Dorsey is—well, I believe



he is a trifle warmer than the folks on the equator."

#### Dorsey Is Everywhere.

Dorsey F., according to records, evidently has more lives than a cat. He not only has some few airships, because he has shown up or is reported to have bobbed up in more parts of the country than any living mortal in a similar space of time. D. Foulitz is one day reported in England and the next morning he is taking breakfast in San Francisco.

Then he hides himself by night to New York city, where he bulls the market and tries to corner some commodity. This being not to his liking and lacking the essential sureness which he craves, he sails down to the coal fields of Pennsylvania or West Virginia, there to cause an explosion or some similar ripple in the affairs of the day.

"Breathes there the man" in Washington who knows not of the dark deeds of D. Foulitz? If such there be, go mark him well. He is Major Sylvester's friend because of ignorance

#### SYLVESTER'S STATEMENT

"Dorsey's spectacular and romantic evasion of the District police occurred prior to the initiation of Major Sylvester into the mysteries which pertain to the chief guardianship of the District police institution.

"The flight of Dorsey, after slaying a comrade in affairs of love, was a legacy handed down to the present major of police, and which he vows is the only gift, Christmas or otherwise, which ever came to him bearing the Foulitz insignia.

"As the legend runs, Dorsey's eel-like form wound its way through a sewer, entering one manhole, coming out at another. The school of instruction for the police not covering a line of practice which would make the members of the force formidable pursuers by an underground route, they were easily distanced, and spared the unsavory contact which would attach to following the sewer tangles and angles which form the water courses underneath beautiful Washington.

"Dorsey, as the fable tells, comes back from the haunted and hunted realms of the 'out of the way' to cast his brilliant optics upon an occasional circus parade, and, at the 'sign of the blue-coat,' vanishes like the wind to give fresh impulse to the would-be Vidoque in some country clime, who straightway wires the major, 'I have Dorsey, come on quick.'

"Many have 'gone on quick,' only to turn and blush at meeting some sad mortal of darker hue than Dorsey, who may have, perchance, adopted the historic name as one that occupies a conspicuous and immortal place in the palace of fame at Washington.

"Alas! few of our intelligent and rubber-necking anxious ones are aware that in Dorsey's time there was no tuberculosis cure, and that when he made his hasty exit from the scenic 'Hell's Bottom' he carried with him the never-failing properties of the 'White Plague.'

"There are those who lament his absence who feel that he has grown old and gray, others who have joyed in meeting him who believe that he long since bade farewell to all his greatness and then sank into that unknown eternity from whence he shall never return—except in spirit and in cartoon that his memory may be kept green in the major's busiest hours."



several policemen who would have arrested Dorsey had he not, 'as the legend runs,' poked a revolver in their faces and bade them hesitate until he had lowered the manhole over himself. The 'coming out at another' is not so familiarly known of by members of the force.

Continuing, Major Sylvester says: "The school of instruction of the Police Department has a line of practice which would make the members of the force formidable pursuers by an underground route, they were easily distanced and spared the unsavory contact which would attach to following sewer tangles and angles, which form the water courses underneath beautiful Washington."

"How many parades of the Police Department do you remember Dorsey having reviewed since his spectacular escape?" Major Sylvester was asked.

#### Sees No More Parades.

"Let me see," said the major with a laugh. "My recollection on that point is a little dim, but if you get the cartoons of the last ten or twelve years, I'm quite sure you will find that he has reviewed almost all of them since he took such an antipathy for Washington policemen. Poor old fellow. I guess his eyesight is failing him, and a police parade would not have much charm for him at this sear and yellow stage of life."

Major Sylvester discredits the story of Dorsey having entered the financial market of New York. He believes Dorsey long since crossed the river Styx.

He's positive, or as much as he could be, that Dorsey was escorted through the valley of the shadows with much pomp, ceremony, and cheering, but that does not deter the Washington police force from sending Policeman Kelley, of the Tenth district, the only member who insists he can identify Dorsey, dead or alive, to every point of the compass from whence comes the summons "I have Dorsey. Come on quick."

#### Good Associations And Their Results

By LANDON CARTER.

HERE are, perhaps, few things more important than good associations, for they not only reflect character, but affect it and upon the experiences of childhood depend the memories and sentiment of maturer years, which are the guiding factors of future nobleness.

Upon the influence of home life are a child's thoughts, ambitions and love educated, and accordingly are these traits revealed in after life, when he gravitates naturally to his most congenial sphere.

To all, the responsibilities of good examples are very great, but to the guardians of youth they are incalculable, for no amount of pretext is effectual, if example be missing.

The associations of youth are peculiarly indelible, and no one can foresee by what little thing an impressionable child may be influenced—a melody—a gentle look—a gesture—the odor of certain garden flowers—a frown—an injustice, may alike affect their thoughts, from the dawn to the end of memory, for memory has as many moods as the temper and shifts its scenery like a diorama.

When loving associations have been accumulating within us for years, even the possible suggestion that there could be any substitute for them seems almost sacrilege.

George Eliot says "the illusions that began for us when we were less acquainted with evil have lost none of their value when we discern that they are illusions—they feed the ideal 'better,' and in loving them still, we strengthen the precious habit of seeing something, not visibly, tangibly existent, but a spiritual product of our visible tangible selves—cherish the childish loves and associations—the memory of that warm little nest in which our every high impulse was lodged.

With equal force, however, comes the remembrance of unkindness, cruelty, and all forms of injustice, and what more accumulative in its effects than bitterness, from which emanates atheism and almost every sad characteristic to which the flesh is heir. What little child was ever taught Christianity or the love of God by the fearful doctrine of hell fire only? And what little heart permeated with the natural impulses of youth was ever made happy or good by monotonous doctrines and the eternal consequences of good conduct? Childhood's longings are not always perversely obstinate, and to the little girl whose arms are hungry for a doll there can be found no solace in housekeeping recipes, nor, with any degree of satisfaction, to a boy can "Gibson's Rome" ever substitute the joys of a jack-knife.

The exorcism of childhood's duties are as important as those of after life, but so also should they find recompense in childish measures, which will ever encourage and feed the memories of love and justice.

If "ignorance is a painful evil," so also are the memories of those merry, innocent childhood's days, the thoughts of which, like the sun, rise every morning to flood the day with happiness and to which rays respond and blossom life's highest impulses.

In life's complicated game, when the devices of skill are so frequently defeated by unforeseen and untoward incidents, what better offset to depression than memories, to which one's mind naturally reverts? And such cheerfulness not only makes life desirable, but from a practical standpoint is a fine asset for all. In encouraging children by example, associations, environment, and every rational form of indulgence, one benefits humanity in general.

The future of this country depends upon its children, and their success depends most largely upon their early influences and associations.

### Champion Peanut Eater the Latest!

IN the past there have been pie-eating contests, oyster eating for wagers, the quail-a-day-for-thirty-days bet, champion doughnut swallows, the pancake orle, and many a watermelon gourmand. Gluttony has come down with the human race from Lucullus, the Roman epicure, and Cleopatra, the Egyptian queen, who dissolved a pearl in vinegar to drink to the success of Caesar, to the pudgy Eskimo, who gorges himself into a state of coma on seal flesh and whale's blubber, and the Siwash Indian, who will eat baked dog until he threatens to burst.

Aurora, Ill., recently jumped into fame with a champion peanut eater, and other nature food faddists in the same town, not to be behind the goober consumer, started a rivalry in the consumption of beans, sauer kraut, milk, and to climax, green onions.

These five Aurorans all wanted to prove the nutritive value of their favorite foods, and the ability of man to exist exclusively on them for an almost unlimited time.

Out in Aurora a little was discussed the endurance contest of the various vegetarians. The financial situation isn't one, two, three, with the subject of dietaries. The only discontented person in town is Fred Flanders, a youthful journalist on the Aurora Beacon. He was responsible for the peanut, bean, green onion, and sauer kraut fads, and paid for the food consumed.

Peanut eater—Dr. Thomas J. Allen, food specialist, forty-two years old exclusive peanut diet for consecutive days; has lost pounds; complaints of over-eating on nitrogen side.

Bean eater—Edgar Brobet, foundryman, sixty-five years old; exclusive diet on navy beans for consecutive days; has gained two pounds; does hard physical work; may switch to Lima beans for variety.

Sauerkraut eater—Harry Spoden, machinist, forty years old; days on sauerkraut; nothing else; feels all right, but is annoyed by misgivings of scientists, who say he's ruining his stomach.

Onion eater—James Purcell, boiler maker, thirty-five years old; dunked after six meals on onions exclusively.

nut candy. I was so sure it was a mistake that I offered to live on peanuts alone for sixty days to prove their harmlessness. Since then I have had nothing but peanuts and lemonade.



Sauerkraut is progressive, and intends to hold on to the fame it already has, so the mayor, Sherburn Merrill Becker, lived solely on eggs for two weeks.

"I have read of these Aurora food specialists," says the mayor. "Their limitations probably are all right, but for real food value they should try eggs as I did."

"I was much interested in the experiment by the Aurora men, and I attended the meeting they held there. I spoke not on 'The Young Man in Politics,' but upon 'The Boy Mayor as a Dietician.' I believe that Dr. Allen, the peanutist, has started a contest that will be of no little value for people generally."

Here is Dr. Allen's ideal diet for man, woman, and child:

"Drink one quart of lemonade, made from this quantity of water, one tablespoonful of lemon juice and just enough sugar to sweeten it, on arising.

"Begin partaking of the first meal of the day about 10 a. m. This consists of raw peanuts, possibly three-quarters of a pound, taking about two hours thoroughly to masticate them.

"The heartiest meal of the day should be taken at 6 p. m. and should consist of fruit, probably apples or grapes, although dates, figs, and pineapples are recommended."

vester's friend because of ignorance of Dorsey F.'s string of misdeeds which must have kept the recording angel working over time in days gone by.

Dorsey is a legacy. Yes. A real legacy. So says Major Sylvester in the following language: "The flight of Dorsey after slaying a comrade in affairs of love, was a legacy handed down to the present Major of Police, and which he vows is the only gift, Christmas or otherwise, which ever came to him bearing the Foulitz insignia."

Hidden in this literary gem is a veiled denial on the part of Major Sylvester that he has ever found Dorsey in his stocking, Christmas morning as clever and astute cartoonists would have us believe.

This manslaughterer who has attained international distinction and occupies a conspicuous and immortal place in the palace of fame at Washington," is wanted, has been wanted, and will continue to be wanted for the cold-blooded murder of one James Robinson.

#### Rivals in Love.

As Major Sylvester says, Dorsey slew a "comrade in affairs of love." Robinson's heart seemed to have been pierced by the same dart which sly Dan had fired at Dorsey, and much trouble of a serious nature resulted. Time and again Dorsey came upon his "turtle dove," spooning in the gloaming with Robinson, and his five feet five inches of consumptive stature shook with anger. Words failing of force, it was Dorsey's wont to ever and anon carve his initials on the cheek or scalp of Mr. Robinson, but still James was not discouraged.

On Memorial Day, and it is truly a day to be remembered by Major Sylvester and his cohorts, twelve years ago, Dorsey was tripping his way from O street alley to a nearby grocery, when he espied a sight that prompted his hand to steal to his hip pocket, wherein shooting irons were carried for just such contingencies.

#### Was Going for "Suds."

It was Dorsey's intention when he left his shack in the alley to purchase for his individual consumption (no pun intended) "the cents with obverse," he had his individual "growler" with him at the time. Forgetting all thought of "suds" and the beloved "can," he whipped out his revolver, crept stealthily up to the corner where stood his dusky amorette, who blushed at the sweet nothings which James poured into her ear.

"Nigger," shouted Dorsey, as he rushed to Robinson's side and flashed the revolver under the light of a street lamp, "Ah told yo' lass nite tuh let dat gal 'one. Yo' ain't heered me, an' Ah'm gwine make yo' feel."

So saying, he leveled the revolver at the frightened James' head and ended the rivalry with a bullet in the latter's brain.

Police of the Second district were informed of the bloodthirsty murder and with his despatch.



FRANK B. KELLY,

The Only Policeman Who Knows Dorsey Foulitz When He Sees Him.

Immediately went on the trail of Dorsey. He was well known to all the police of the northwest section of the city, especially around "Hell's Bottom" and "The Camp." Dorsey was a little man, but what he lacked in stature he made up in bloodthirstiness and criminal notoriety. He had served many terms in the District jail for razor wielding, brief throwing, pistol shooting and fist fighting, and spent two years of his young life on the rock pile in Moundsville penitentiary. Strange, but true, Dorsey's photograph was never taken by the police, and consequently it was hard picking for the policemen who were not honored with an intimate acquaintance with his despatch.

Shortly after the murder the police tracked Dorsey to a sewer. He had entered a manhole there to seclude himself from the authorities and begin a mystery which has never yet been solved, and probably never will be. All trace of Dorsey, the real, genuine Dorsey, ended when he entered that manhole.

#### How the Legend Runs.

Anent Dorsey's entrance to the sewerage channel, and the failure of the police to arrest him, Major Sylvester has to say: "As the legend runs, Dorsey's eel-like form wound its way through a sewer, entering one manhole, coming out at another."

The entrance is recalled vividly by

